PURPLE PARROT

NORTHWESTERN
UNIVERSITY
NOVEMBER
1 9 3 1
TWENTY-FIVE
C E N T S

"I liked Chesterfield right from the start"

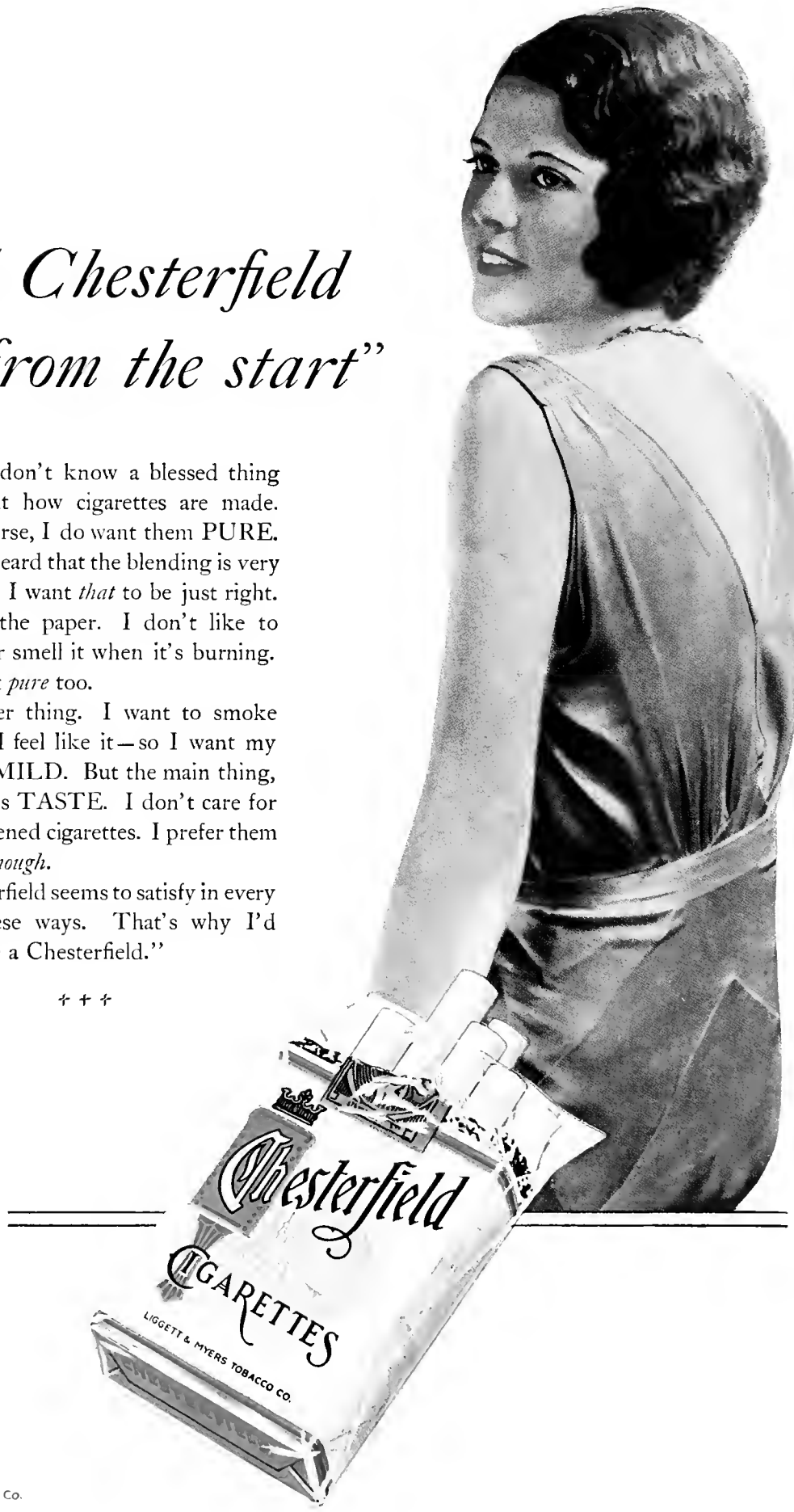
"NO, I don't know a blessed thing about how cigarettes are made. But, of course, I do want them PURE. And I've heard that the blending is very important; I want *that* to be just right.

"Then the paper. I don't like to taste it. Or smell it when it's burning. I want that *pure* too.

"Another thing. I want to smoke whenever I feel like it—so I want my cigarettes MILD. But the main thing, of course, is TASTE. I don't care for over-sweetened cigarettes. I prefer them *just sweet enough.*

"Chesterfield seems to satisfy in every one of these ways. That's why I'd *rather* have a Chesterfield."

+ + +



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When you're parked out in the country, all cuddled up with your sweetie, and her father drives up alongside of you and gets out—be nonchalant, although it won't do you a hell of a lot of good.

Wisconsin Octopus.

First Student: You nit-wit, you can't date that girl. Why, she's as beautiful as a poem.

Second Sleeper: Poems are made by fools like me.

Buffalo Bison.

Man, very hoarse with cold, not able to talk above a whisper, knocks at doctor's home at night time and the Doc's wife comes to the door. "Is the doctor at home?"

Wife, also in whisper: "No, come in." *Arizona Kitty Kat.*

Sunday School Teacher—Who made you?

More or less Innocent young thing — I don't know his name, but he dances divinely, and he has the most gorgeous blonde hair!

Bucknell Belle Hop.

Freshman Co-ed: "I have a date to go on a picnic with a Senior tomorrow. He's going to take some food and gin. What do you think I ought to take?"

Experienced Ditto: "Care."

Rice Owl.

I call the girl friend "Batter" because she walks when I lose control. *Washington Dirge.*

What a swell time Solomon's ice man had. *Rice Owl.*

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BRIEFLY SPEAKING

"Have a cigarette?"

"No thanks. I don't smoke and besides I've just had one and anyway I'm too busy and to tell the truth I never smoke your brand and I've got a bad cough already and then smoking's prohibited here and what's more my lighter's dry and I havent a match and even if I had one there'd be no place to strike it and besides one should never smoke before meals and the air is bad enough already and then again we have no ash trays and incidentally my wife is against it and what's more if you weren't such a blind jackass you could see that I already have one."

Mass. Voo Doo.

"Rollo seems to be very happy in his new work. What does he do?"

"He is doing literary work. He takes young lady authors around and gives them experience for their confession stories."

Wisconsin Octopus.

Flapper: "I want four lip sticks."

Cosmetic Clerk: "Any particular sizes, Miss?"

Flapper: "Well, I'm going on two motor trips, a moonlight sail, and a week-end party."

Texas Battalion.

"This is the fig tree you've heard so much about."

"Oh! I thought the leaves were much larger!"

Washington Dirge.

Son: "And there I was out on a limb."

Father: "Drinking with strange women again, huh?"

California Pelican.

"Can you tell me the name of the Dean of this school?"

"Naw, I'm just a football player here."

Pit. Panther.

The intruder was kissing her when she shouted "Police." He politely replied: "If you insist, but I don't care for competition."

Notre Dame Juggler.

SOME SHOW

Mother — "What kind of show did papa take you to, Bobby?"

Bobby — "It was a dandy, Mama. They had ladies dressed in stockings up to their necks."

Bloomington Bored Walk.

Eve decided to outsmart Adam so she made herself an apron of leaves. It happened they were poison ivy so she succeeded in her desire. *Missouri Showme.*

Friend: What was the most embarrassing moment in your life?"

Wife: When my husband came home unexpectedly, and found me knitting.

Arizona Kitty Kat.

The modern wallflower is the girl who dances all the time.

Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.

She: "My brother doesn't smoke, swear, or drink."

He: "Does he make all his own dresses, too? *Purple Cow.*

OH, SAID HE

Man Accosting Girl at Piano: Do you play?

Said Girl: Well, I dare you to turn out the lights.

Desert Wolf.

Dear, you seem so hot and tired. Was your office sweltering?

No, but I've been handling figures all day.

Colgate Banter.

The farther a co-ed is from home, the farther she goes.

Buffalo Bison.

Voice from Passing Auto: "Engine trouble, Bud?"

Voice from Parked Car: "No."

Voice from P. A. "Tire down?"

Voice from P. C.: "Didn't have to." *Tennessee Mugwump.*

"Is Billings faithful to his wife?"

"He says he is, but his wife has made a mattress out of the blonde hairs off of his coat lapel."

Arizona Kitty Kat.

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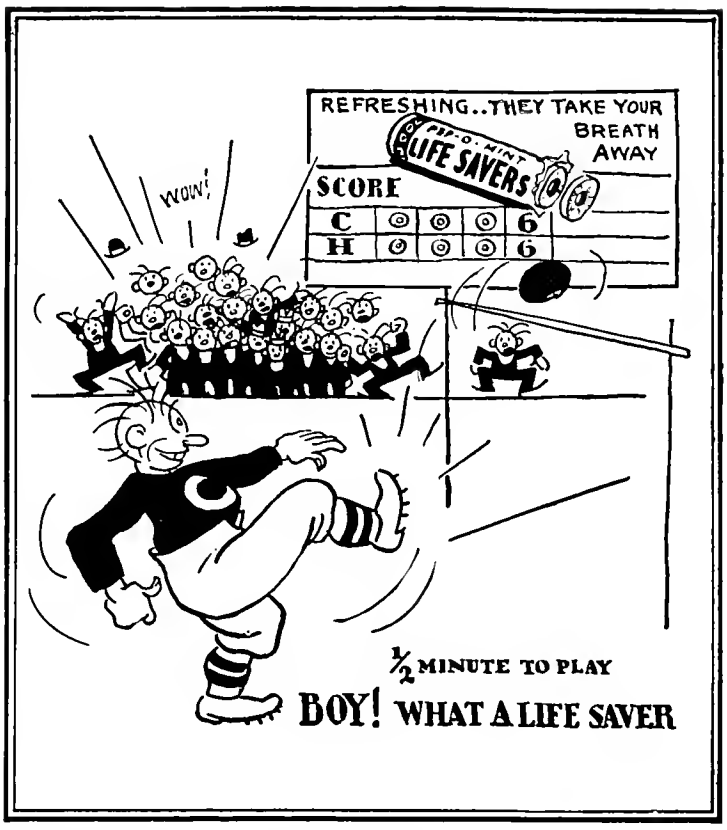

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NO USE

George: "I'd ask you for the next dance, Gladys, but all the cars are occupied."

Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

"Hey, you can't dance that way in here."

"But this is interpretative dancing."

"Then I'm interpreting it the wrong way."

Wisconsin Octopus.

"You remind me of a Packard motor."

"Because I am so strong and silent?"

"No, because you idle so easily."

Harvard Lampoon.

"I'll bring this to an end if you don't get in by two o'clock," shouted the irate father, brandishing his hair brush at his daughter who had been holding late dates.

Penn. Punch Bowl.

I think the moon is overrated, dear
I thanked its magic spell,
Until one night with you it didn't appear,
And we did quite as well.

Penn. State Froth.

"Let there be light and there was light . . . "

The Co-ed: Let there be darkness —and there was heat.

Arizona Kitty Kat.

I hear that the Doctors had that birth control specialist arrested.

What was the charge?

Restraint of trade.

Cornell Widow.

Do you sleep with your windows up or down?

I don't sleep with my window at all! *Arizona Kitty Kat.*

Here's to Ida Lenz,
She only necks her friends.
Hell, she has no enemies!

Bucknell Belle Hop.

"Are you troubled by improper thoughts?"

"Why, no; I rather like them."

Bloomington Bored Walk.

It's No Joke

to write all your papers by hand—

But It's Funny

anyone would bother to do them that way when it costs only $3 a month to rent a typewriter at Chandler's and when $1 down will start you on the road to owning one!

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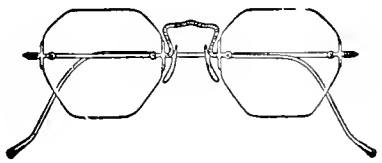

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PURPLE PARROT

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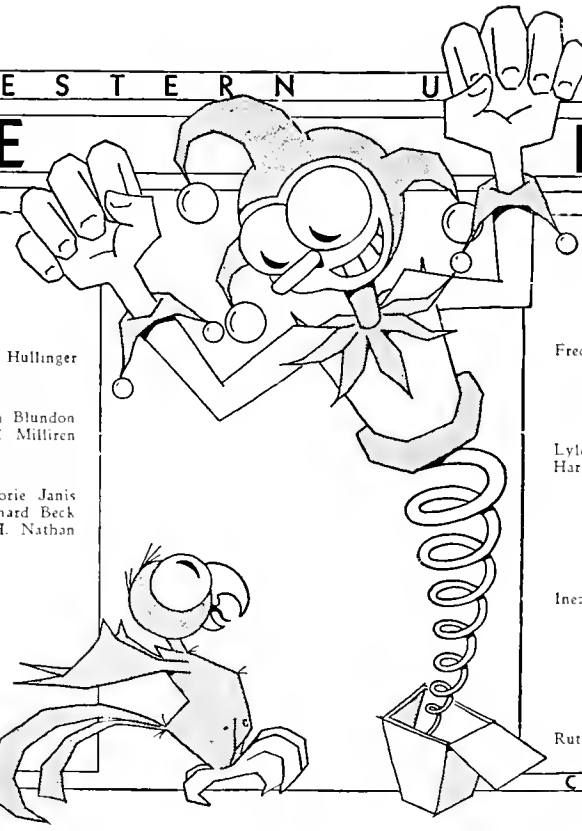

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Herb Ginsburg Ruth Walliser Wilford Milliren

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Ferne Nathenson

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EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

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OPINIONATED MEDITATION

The March of Time

The Northwestern "Pep" parade, sponsored by the Daily Northwestern and endorsed by the gullible public, swam its way to an unhappy conclusion in the drizzle of one glorious Saturday afternoon. The Devil furnished the setting and Palmer furnished the fish in the seven-hour comedy entitled "Fish Will Be Fish" or "The Sheridan Road Shamble."

The stumbling, rain-soaked herd, scheduled to start south at eleven A. M. got under way promptly at twelve o'clock. The capable motorcycle escort, composed of five very unhappy coppers, wanted a chance to see if Greeter Gaw wore garters, so they spent the afternoon hanging around his car waiting for his trousers to shrink. That left the unimportant, remaining, two miles and a half of the parade to shift for themselves. After passing the south end of the campus the parade broke up. From there on it was every man for himself, the women didn't have a chance. The line of march was maintained, that is, everybody was trying to go south. A few milk wagons and moving vans succeeded in effectively separating what was left of the parade into approximately seventy-five distinct and separate parts. The head cheerleader in a snappy little Austin, borrowed for the occasion, hoping to get to the game before the end of the third quarter, got the right wheel taken off while trying to sneak under a piano van.

Having special privileges as arranged for by the Daily, the Parade went through all of the stop signs except those that were red. The forty minute pauses were devoted to one sided discussions between the Irish policemen and the piscatorial students on the subject of "It is better to be a Notre Dame policeman than a Northwestern jackass." The affirmative won.

After a little more speeding along the outer drive, Soldiers Field hove into sight through the rain. Having special parking privileges, it only took us thirty minutes to persuade an Indiana junk dealer and a second-hand clothes salesman that we had a right to be in Grant Park. We docked at three o'clock, and by hurrying we covered the three miles to the stadium in forty minutes.

It wasn't really the Daily's fault explains its editor. According to Palmer the whole trouble started when some silly, irresponsible co-ed thoughtlessly neglected to run into a garbage wagon which was trying to cut into the parade ahead of her. If she had shown the proper "special privilege spirit," she would have run into and completely demolished the garbage wagon thus proving that the Northwestern Pep Parade was a serious thing, and not to be triffled with. But we sympathize with the Daily, girls will be girls and you just can't expect too much of them. Evidently, she didn't know a good dump when she saw one.

We do in all seriousness, however, commend and congratulate the staff of the Daily Northwestern for their efforts to give some tangible expression to the too often latent school spirit without which no football team can be expected to do its best.

Non-Systematic Grading

We're coming back to the old question of "Why are grades," and this time we're going to say what we think. Last year the question came up and a committee sat on it. They might just as well have been comfortable and laid on it as far as the results were concerned. It wasn't the committee's fault. There only mistake was in thinking that their suggestions would be accepted.

Last year grades were a problem to get and this year it takes a Phi Bet to get even close enough to realize that there is a problem. Grades are getting harder to get than tickets for a Northwestern-Notre Dame football game, and the picture is complete with the faculty playing the part of scalpers. We thought when they stuck in all of those minuses that there would be enough grades to go around. There are a total of nine possible grades that a student has a chance to draw from, but it's a skin game. It's like one of these rackets at the fair where there are lots of prizes only nobody ever wins the good ones unless he knows the proprietor. We are willing to bet that the professors sit up nights practicing making C-, D, and F. If all of the minuses given last semester were put end to end, it would make a line long enough to hang the entire faculty or tie up the entire student body. The temptation to see if their pen still writes is too great for most professors after they have put down a grade, so they wipe their pens along side of the grade and lo—you have a minus. The question we'd like to have answered is how can an English professor decide whether a misplaced comma should be penalized one point or one and a half points. There should be some kind of a conference ruling concerning penalties for comma splices and split infinitives so that the student would know whether he was getting gyped or not. There should be an umpire also, to insure fair play, but we realize that that is out of the question.

"The scholastic standing of Northwestern University must be raised," shouts the administration, but so must the tuition and the quality of the football team. If they raise the standard much higher the boys will be talking about the good old days when Northwestern had a football team and a student body. B's are as scarce as breweries these days; A-'s are about as common as uncorrupted prohibition officers, and A's are found these days in the same proportion as good, honest to goodness, pre-war beer.

Most of the instructors give the impression in class that they are doing the student a favor by lecturing to them and most of the students know that they are doing the prof a favor by staying awake for forty-five minutes under the influence of an almost unbeatable opiate. Probably there is a lot of truth in both statements, but the outcome is always predetermined. That's where the minuses come in handy, and also the Cs, Ds, and Fs. It doesn't make any difference what a student knows about a course, the big question is how many of the prof's pet lectures has the student cut or slept through.

This article doesn't apply to all of the professors, but only to about ninety-nine percent. Of the four professors that have time to read this cheap publication, ninety-nine percent will consider themselves as part of the above mentioned one percent. In other words, when the students make an offensive move, they either are stopped at the line of scrimmage by a stubborn defense or they are thrown for a loss by the superior strength of opposing forces.

We are going to do one unprecedented thing. We are not going to suggest a reform. We merely want to point out that something is radically wrong in the battle between faculty and students. A University should be a place where people come of their own free will to study and learn, and not a place where the administration spends nights thinking up ways and means to give the student a more finely shaded grading system. In proportion to the fuss made over them, grades don't mean a damn. There are too many Phi Beta Kappas running elevators and playing floorwalkers, and too many ungraduated men who are rapidly building a happy life on a firm foundation of worldly goods.

Dear Uncle Clint:

Howdy Unk! We had tomato salad tonight for the evening repast that looked a lot like you, so I thought I'd drop you a line. Do you remember that night when you had thirty-one too many beers and your nose got so red that we tied you on the back of the car for a tail-light? That was the same eve that your nose held up traffic in the Loop because the people thought it was a traffic light and they waited for it to turn green.

Did you know that I took another trip? Well, I did. And some old guy, when I told him I was a-broad, asked me what I was doing dressed up like a man. His mangled body was found floating down the Mississippi the next day.

I got away to a flying start in one of the Trans-Atlantic airplanes. There were a couple of good passengers on the plane. I made a terrible break when I asked a fellow why he was wearing that Empress Eugenie hat backwards, then he told me that it wasn't his hat but his nose. He had one of those Roman noses — that sometimes would roam and sometimes would run all over his chin. I recall once it ran for governor. I called him "Fox News" because he sees all and nose all. There was a kid on board that kept throwing him peanuts because he thought he was an elephant. That brought up the subject of trunks until one lady said she didn't have a trunk but she had the grippe when she was young. (Too bad it wasn't double pneumonia.) The bugs were pretty bad so I asked the head usher if he had a fly paper. I was knocked out of bounds when he answered, "I didn't know that flies could read." For excitement one Czeckoslovakian (who by the way was an All-American from Notre Dame) bet another fellow that he could beat him to the ground in a parachute jump. The pilot held the stakes and I held the French fried potatoes. Well, the foreigner won but he never collected because he forgot to open the thing. That was one bad "Check" that didn't bounce back. Since he didn't understand the English language very well perhaps he thought we said "pair a shoes" instead of parachute. Nothing else came up except when we hit an air pocket and then it was usually ice-cream. But we'll let that matter drop.

"I fell for her"

The first stop was Italy. Do you know that Mussolini and his gang dress something like the Sigma Nus—they both wear dirty black shirts. The funny thing about it was that Mussolini didn't know me from Adam. Finally I proved to him that Adam didn't have a shirt on. You know that Rome was not built in a day, well neither was "Mussie's" secretary. Boy! How firm a foundation! I got a couple of appointments with her. She isn't like the Indiana girls 'cause you couldn't grab her like you do a saxophone. In fact kissing her was like washing a Packard's windshield from the front of the radiator. You know—something like the new "Akron." Well, the second day in Italy was spent in playing "dueces wild" with the Pope. And did I rim him for twelve bucks. He may have been Pope Plus XII but now he's Pope Minus XII. Well, I took a bus for Arabia and we got there about ten inches after 5 in the evening. Some

friendly Arab said he could get me a blind date — so I said "Oke." Boy! the date was not only blind but she was also lame. I've always said that when anything bad comes — you can usually find a woman at the bottom of it. Well, anyway she had a cousin whose mother had a sister's aunt that was not so bad. In fact this young lady was plenty tender. She and I played "hurry Harold — here comes papa" for one whole evening. I finally fell for her—down two flights of stairs.

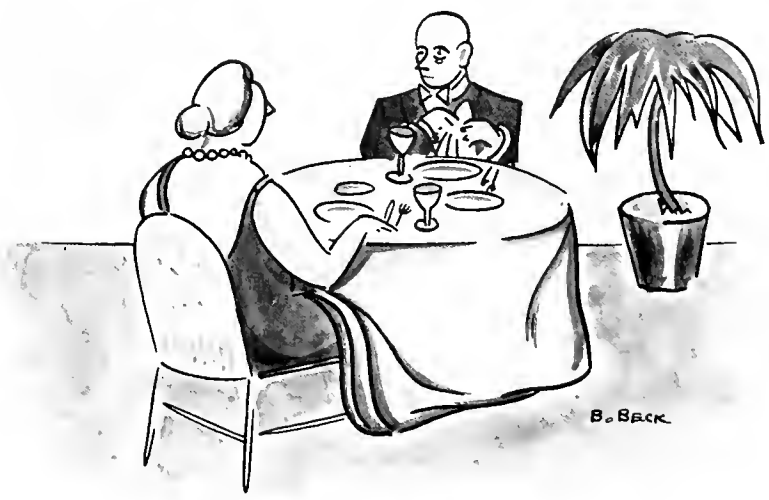
But that is what I get for being a second story worker. A funny thing happened when I went to call for her. There was a black crepe on the door so I was unusually quiet. She told me that no one was dead but that was only her Father's towel. I'll bet that everytime he wiped his face with that towel—he certainly could give the "dirty looks." We went out for dinner and when the waiter spoke to me in Arab—they laughed so I stood and crocks him in the kisser. The menu looked like Minnesota's lineup. The waiter came around and asked me how I found the pork—I told him that I had a couple of others help me and we at last found it under three peas.

It is said that this is the country of Ala Baba and the forty thieves. I didn't see Mr. Baba—but his thieves ran the "grubbery" where we ate—the bill must have been the last sixty years' rent for all forty of them. It cost me a cool half hundred dollars—and it was "Fifty for forty or fight." It also was one against forty odds—(they were plenty odd and tough)—so I became nonchalant and lit a bomb, which "Mussie" had given me. I had "Luckies" but still we had to walk a mile for a Camel. That was one Arabian Night I won't forget. The Arabs slept under tents and I slept under blankets. I once thought of buying several dogs and raising "pup tents." It was a shame I didn't have one of the Italian dresses that that secretary wore — 'cause we could have outfitted a whole community and still put a couple of battleships underneath it. There was another girl in Arabia that you could tell her from Fisk Hall because there wasn't anyone sleeping in her Chapel. She was tatooed all over—so if you couldn't sleep at night—you could sit up and look at the pictures. Was she fat? They laughed when she sat down at the piano because they couldn't tell which was the piano. She wanted to know if I could get her a job in America —I told her I didn't know about America but if she could wait another thousand years she could take the place of one of the pyramids in Egypt. Incidentally, she was taller lying down than she was standing up.

I was getting pretty lonesome for Phoebe Mabel so I started for the States. As we passed one of the islands near Alexandria, the captain called my attention to the birds —they were flying backwards to keep the wind out of their faces. When we got out of the windy zone —we hit a big fog—it was so thick they had to shovel it off the front of the boat. You couldn't see your hand in front of your face. And that's how I played target for a woman who I thought was a post in the fog. I couldn't see her hand coming and after she "popped" me I couldn't see anything. I thought the upper deck had fallen on me. I looked her up, after my face became normal again and signed her to meet Jack Dempsey in the fall. Phoebe Mabel lives near the statue of George Washington—Good old Washington—first in war, first in peace, but second in the American League. When I got to Phoebe M.—she was playing bridge (not London but Brooklyn). She greeted me in the usual Jiu Jitsu manner and then told me that she had to go back and finish the game for she already had two legs on the rubber—I told her not to lose her head too. P. Mabel had two good bridge hands and one club foot. Well, she won and then we sat down and finished the rest of the night reading "Anderson's Fairy Tails." Write soon—Unk!

Your adoring nephew,
Egbert

P. S.—How are coming in swimming? Are you off your back and onto the "breast stroke" yet?—I remember you made a record with "the crawl."—E.



She: "Will you call me a waiter please?"
He: "Certainly. You're a waiter."

MEDITATIONS

By "HERBEE"

They tell me that in Spain the bulls as well as the girls are locked up when the sailors come to town.

It must be hell to be a street cleaner in Spain. It's bad enough to have horses to contend with, but bull throwers sure keep the street manicurists busy. Life for them is just picking up all the time.

The Spaniards don't think Dewey is a great man even though he did make the Spanish fly at Cuba.

Bull fighting is a great sport. In fact it touches the soul of lots of people. And to some toreadors it's just a bore.

Judging by what I've seen of Spanish costumes that are worn by the girls, there is many a slip betwixt—oh well.

Now I know why the bulls are so ferocious. Who wouldn't get mad at a fellow for waving a red handkerchief?

If you think this is bad, you ought to see a deaf and dumb fellow tell a girl a smutty joke.

Some sailors sure are dumb. Can you imagine anybody trying to use one of these tall combs, that the Spanish women wear in their hair, for a hat rack?

It takes a good girl to keep a man in the dark.

When a man has too many children, he is stork crazy.

The greatest fault with a married man is that he likes to get everything but children.

A widow is like a second hand book; never as good as new.

Marriage for convenience is often the result of necessity.

Love is like a candle that burns at both ends; it never lasts.

Women can always tell their own children; men just suffer and guess.

A woman's love is hell; that's why heaven has lots of room.

You can fool some of the people some of the time but a man once married is fool proof.

The Greeks had a word for it, but college boys call it a Daniel Boone wedding.

Marriage may often be a case of mistaken identity.

Vices are as catching as diseases, but even virtue has its faults.

Virtue is like an education; the more we learn about it the less we use it.

ONE ON THE HOUSE

"Waiter, what kind of pudding is this?"

"Cottage pudding, sir."

"I thought so. I can taste the wallpaper and the plaster."

A lot of fellows are caught in the act who are not vaudeville performers.

Our idea of the easiest job in the world is that of ringing a bell every time a century plant blooms.

Interior Decoration

Jonah, trying to sail
A little wooden pail
In a nothern gale,
Ran into a whale
Suddenly.

Quickly tried to go,
But the wind was slow,
And he didn't know
Why he couldn't row
With just one oar.

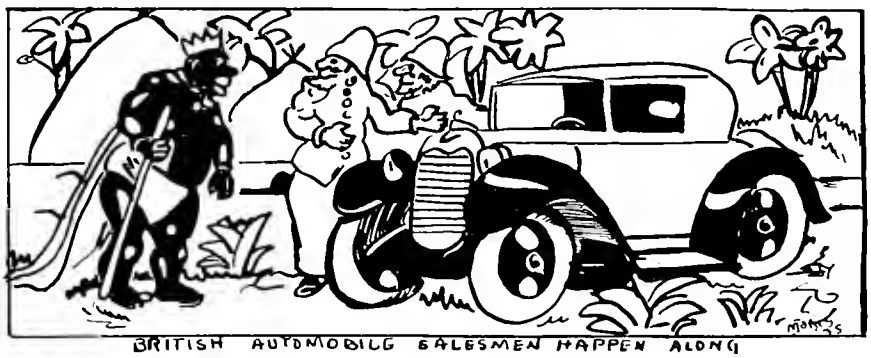
Struck by sudden fear
Wanted to get clear
Of the thing so near
His unprotected rear
At all costs.

So he jumped into
Water clear and blue:
Next thing that he knew,
Had an inside view
Of the whale.

Blubber all around:
Silence was profound
Except the angry sound
As the monster frowned
From belly-ache.

Whale began to sneeze,
Hack, and cough, and wheeze;

THE CANNIBAL KING USED TO RIDE IN A HAMMOCK.



BRITISH AUTOMOBILE SALESMEN HAPPEN ALONG

Jonah, in the breeze
Clutched some ambergris
In his hands.

Whale couldn't bear
Human bill-of-fare.
Jonah left his lair;
Welcomed light and air
Once again.

Found that he could stand:
Waded into land.
What he had in hand
Made expensive brand
Of perfume.

Jonah tells his tale
'Bout his friend, the whale
All of no avail.
Yet he has the kale,
So what's the diff?

FULL HOUSE

Mr. Polly: "I want you to insert a notice of the birth of my twins."

Reporter: "Will you repeat that, sir?"

Mr. Polly: "Not if I know it."

This little sheep went to market—
This little sheep stayed at home—
And so we have Virgin Wool.

Books You'd Love to Burn

By John K. Northway

Principles of Economics, by F. S. Deibler.

You will wait a long time before another book like this one comes your way, but no matter how long you wait it will hardly be worth the effort. This tome, bound in a blue cover and lettered in gilt, contains 552 pages, and must weigh several pounds. It is beautifully bound and printed on good paper, with a wide margin on each side. However, one might say in passing that the book would be improved one hundred per cent if both the left and right margins were extended over to the center of the page.

Deibler's book is free from love interest, sex, adventure, poetry, romance, daring, or much of anything. If one wants to quibble one could find fault with the fact that there are too many "when," "if," "granting," "assuming," "as far as we know," and other such clauses. The most positive statement in the book is that which says that as succeeding units of a good are consumed, the satisfaction derived from each succeeding one grows less. That this statement is true we cannot doubt, since it applies so well to the pages in Deibler.

* * *

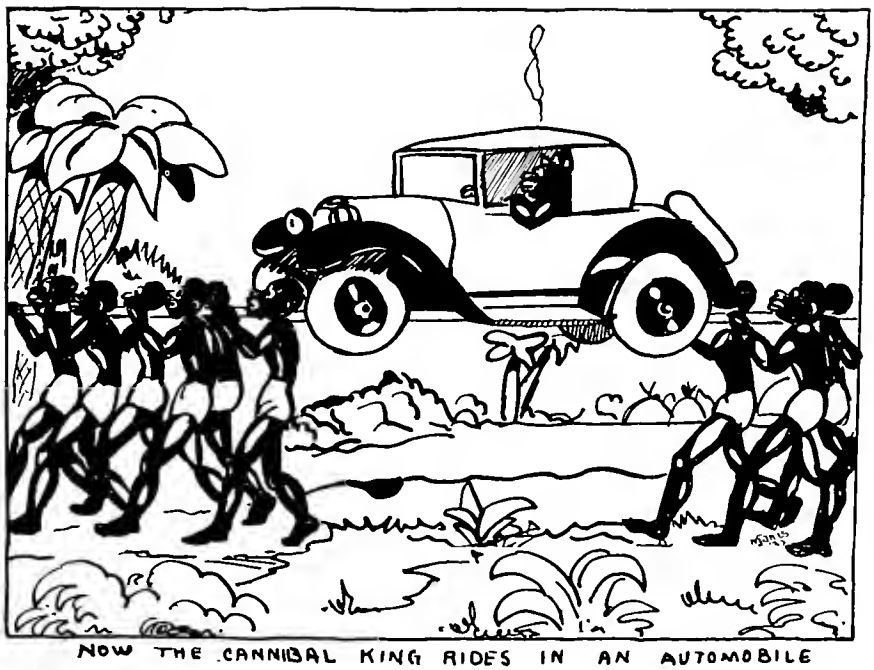
The Undergraduate's Manual, a symposium. (Published by the University.)

Here is another one of those fascinating little tomes which only the group who writes the Northwestern publications knows how to produce. For in it there is pathos, humor, sublime comedy, and a lot of things you'd better know.

There is, for instance, this little bit of collegiana: "Any resident woman student must file the written permission of her parents or guardians with the Dean of Women before riding in an airplane during the school year."

And this bit of academic philosophy: "In the opinion of the University, the marrying of young people while they are students is in general unwise."

We advise every student to read this little booklet. It has been prepared by the best minds in the university, and is written without elaboration of style or excess editorial comment. For conciseness, candor, and boredom it has no equal.



NOW THE CANNIBAL KING RIDES IN AN AUTOMOBILE

A CLOSED MATTER

Sophomore: "My roommate fell down stairs last night with two pints of gin."

Junior: "Did he spill any?"

Sophomore: "No, he kept his mouth closed."

GOODY!

"Today's Saturday, isn't it?"

"Yeah."

"Hot dog! Funny papers tomorrow."

When Manhood Was In Armour

By Kathleen La Rue

The drawbridge clanked down, and a host of Fatas resplendent in shining armor, after the mode of Harps, Shackler, and Warts, fared forth on chargers black, to make the rounds at open house in Sorority Court. The even was yet young, 7:30 or there abouts, and pale astroids adorned the darkened vault above.

"Prithee, Prithee, old man, could'st let a frater have a Camel? I'm all out, and that blasted froshie pledge of mine forgot to walk a mile today."

Then spake bold Blah." What's mine is your's, ye old fraternity spirit, you know. But look ye, the next time you borrow my best armor, wil't be so kind as to brush off the powder and blond hair before returning."

"Oke, brother. I'm not so fond of other's armors myself. By the by, one good turn deserves another, so stick right close to mine side this eve, and if the punch be foul, acquaint me of the fact, for I did but today fill mine flask with grape juice."

"Oh yeah?" quote one youth fair of hair and blue of eye.

"Oh yeah!" Knight Beau did respond and began to sing in a lusty baritone that matched his brunette personality:

On ye Northwestern
Ride right through that line,
With your banners flying
We will cheer ye all the time.

"Beau, old pal," spake Knight Jake, "your form was all right in today's tourney. We gave those fighting sons of Erin some smart sword play. But wait 'till we meet the Swedes next week. For every man I cut, my sugar will fain plant one kiss on my lips. Ah, 'tis ever a great old life if ye don't weaken, but hark ye, much more fun if you do—according to the philosophy of Aristatle."

Just then they caught up with some members of If I Die A Sap, bound in the same direction, too. They did stop to exchange some cheery banter, the while engaging in a playful tilt or two of the sword. Riding on, they encountered some Signify Nothings, who gave hot chase for a short while, desirous of revenge for the last time the Fatas had invaded their territory. They did go round about the Stranglers, but were stopped by the If I Held A Thetas and given dire admonition to lay off the Fi Fi sweethearts or else-----. At which Beau chuckled secretly into his gauntlet, declaring that he would take his fun where he found it. The Sin A New's mascot, a Great Dane, did bark right noisily as the cavalcade proceeded down the avenue

"All right, big boy, let's see you make it a seven."

They passed the mellow, old halls of erudition, U. H. being conspicuous because of its Bullova clock, whose correct time did cause many a one to be counted late in the classroom. Knight Blah did at once recollect that he must unearth the Geology rock collection willed to the chapter by some thoughtful fellow, several years ago. Others did reflect that they must have their pledges crack certain books full harder. Oh list thee, list thee, for such is the life in a University.

From thence, Knight Beau did prick his gallant steed, avowing that Good Steer shoes and Esther oats, certainly gave old and young alike, the best mileage. Sorority Court soon appeared in view. The lights from many a window gleamed yellow on the water of the moat, and strains of "Dancing in the Dark," were wafted by the sweet summer breezes, to the ears of these bold studes. They crossed the bridge, and entered into the court, where already ladies and knights did pace, gazing heavenward, or puffing cigarettes; she keeping kissable and he, not a cough in a horse load.

Once there, they did disperse, but met right frequently. Knight Beau first wended his way Fi Fi-ward, where he cut in right merrily, until increasing black looks from the If I Copped A Pies made him of the opinion that the damsels were not so fair, nor the orchestra so hot, although he fain would have stayed. His companions razzed him full well for not fighting, but he bade them bear in mind that e'en though his armor was of the best cellophane, it would

not withstand many sword thrusts; and further spake: "Besides what woman's worth fighting for? I care not for them particularly but like one as well as another." With which he strode in the direction of the Cappa Climaxes, where he did dance and whisper sweet nothings into the shell pink ears of blond, brunette, or redhead alike. Soon he emerged, however, to try the Damn If I Datas, verily believing variety to be the spice of life. 'Twas his undoing and full well he felt it. For no sooner had he paid his respects to the house mother, giving her a playful chuckle under the chin, than he saw her—Blanche Fleur—as he later learned while the sax wailed "I Don't Know Why I Love You Like I Do." Her platinum blond head did to his shoulder come, and in her deep blue eyes was a look of bewilderment. She was fair of face, but fairer still of form, for no Lord Helpus back had she, at least according to the standards of Ballyhoo, but straight and slender stood.

Since open house would soon be o'er, he persuaded her that he was her Fata, dancing her full out onto the terrace, from whence he led her to his horse, selling her the idea that they dance the rest of the evening at the Edge Waters Bleach. She did acquiesce and they were soon gliding on a polished floor to the music Paul Blightman's superb band.

He held her off to gaze at her, when his astounded eyes did see a Fi Fi pledge pin to her gown fastened. She did naively explain that her house was far too crowded so next door she had slipped. T'was at that moment he noticed a group of If I Copped A Pies en masse waiting for him to leave. Then he knew full well for her he would fight, for such was the power of women o'er man, e'en way back when a lady was a lady and an armour meant a man.

"Let's get married."
"All right, but who'd have us?"

Helpful Hints to Motorists

WHAT THE YOUNG LADY SAYS (When Out Driving)	WHAT SHE MEANS
1. "It's getting rather chilly, isn't it?"	1. "Put your arms around me."
2. "I'm beginning to feel rather tired."	2. "Let me rest my head on your shoulder."
3. "The moon's lovely tonight, isn't it?"	3. "Kiss me, you fool."
4. "You have such powerful arms."	4. "A little heavier on the necking, please."
5. "Chrysanthemums are such beautiful flowers."	5. "Be sure to send me a box of chrysanthemums as soon as possible."
6. "I like the way you handle a car."	6. "Always be on hand when I need you to drive me anywhere."
7. "You think of the nicest places to go."	7. "Let's go to the most expensive night club in town."
8. "You know, you look just like Ronald Colman."	8. "Propose at once, you fool."

My Girl's one of these.
What? A Venus?
No. Hands off.

Lady with the silken knickers
Just across the way from me
Landlords would have fewer kickers
Were there more like you to see.

Frosh (seeing a Beta with egg on his chin): I bet I can guess what you had for breakfast.

Beta: O. K. I'll take you up.

Frosh: You had eggs.

Beta: Wrong. We had eggs yesterday morning.

She: I will be yours on one condition.

He: Good. I got in this school on six.

"He died of hard drink."

"Yeh? I didn't know he drank."

"He didn't. A cake of ice fell on him."

BAD TASTE

A woman and her small offspring were looking in the various shop windows along one of Evanston's main streets. Suddenly the child, excitedly pointing at a set of false teeth in a dentist's window, cried, "I want a set of teeth like that when I grow up, mamma."

"Hush," replied the mother, "how many times have I told you not to pick your teeth in public?"

A Child's

What Every You

By Jo

THERE are two fundamental desires in the human breast, science tells us, the desire to eat or maintain our kind, and the desire to engage in light dalliance, or reproduce our kind, of which two the latter is the more important, fundamental, and complex, not to mention more interesting.

Almost every day (you liar) I have been getting letters asking me to write an article on sex. "Write an article on sex or we perish," is the way one person, Mrs. L. R. T. of Cicero, Ill., phrases it. And adds, "Make it clean and interesting, so that even a little child can understand it." This naturally leaves me in a quandary, since she fails to state whether or not she is the little child, or barring that, how she ever had any children to begin with.

However, it is not for us scientists to quibble over such minor details, so here goes for the clean and interesting things about the Facts of Life. The clean parts can be gotten by reading this paper, and the interesting ones by calling M-1428 and asking for Betty.

It may come as a surprise to some people to know that once upon a time, away back before the Great Makers of History, there was no such thing as sex. (Actually, it is rather a surprise to me. One leg of this typewriter table is too short and I had to prop it up with my Hegner's *College Zoology*. As a result I am making up most of this out of my own head.) Perhaps, to be exact, I should say there was no such thing as the "sexes," although there was sex.

In those days, in fact, there wasn't much of anything but a lot of primeval ooze scattered about cluttering things up, and it was in this ooze that life had its origin, while the orchestra off-stage played "Ooze Baby Are You?" In this primeval ooze millions of tiny bits of proto-plasm went floating around and not having much fun. These were called *protozoa* (Greek *proto* meaning "first," and *zoa meaning* "zoa"), and a modern example may be seen in the amoeba which today is found chiefly under microscopes in laboratories, still not having much fun. These protozoa didn't have any mouths, ears, teeth, nerves, or complexes, and were held together by cohesion (or maybe it was adhesions).

Their principal occupation was eating *protophyta*, tiny plants, which consequently had even less fun than the protozoa. They ate and ate until they got too fat to stick together, after which they split, making two protozoa, and concluding their sex lives.

After several million years this began to get monotonous, and a new system was devised, another evidence of that wonderful thing called *Evolution*. This new system was known as conjugation (am, are, is; are, are, are; was, were, was, etc.), an example of which is found in the paramecium. It is quite a job explaining conjugation, and hardly worth the trouble when you get through. Two paramecia swim next to each other and throw out bridges of protoplasm, over which they transfer bits of their *micronuclei*.

You might not think it much to do, but you should be a paramecium. Having exchanged these bits of nuclei they lose interest in the whole thing and split in two in the old fashioned way.

I could go on like this all the way up the Ladder of Life if I wanted to (and my Hegner weren't under that table leg) but when I got through you would still know more about it than I do, so we will skip a few trillion years, sev-

son On Sex

Man Should Know

orthway

eral thousand different animals, and come down to the fish, a comparatively recent (and safe) development. My learned contemporary, Mr. Ogden Nash, summed up the fish by saying:

"The chastest of the vertebrates,
He never even sees his mates,
But when they've finished, he appears,
And okays all their bright ideas,"

which is about right, and if you've ever thought lowly of the fish, you certainly have to hand it to him for evading the marriage problem. I suspect that full fifty per cent of the time he doesn't even know the mother of his children, but he can be reasonably sure they look like him. It is impossible to be both a fish and a roue. My only complaint with him is that the big sissy very often takes care of the little fish after they're born.

We have now quite naturally and logically traced the development of the sex tendency from the amoeba to man, and are ready to get down to business if the postal department will let us.

Oddly enough, when we come to the sex life of Man, we do not find such clear sailing as we have found so far, much to your disgust. There are two theories concurrent as to how men and women have babies, and about all I can do is set them both down and let you take your pick.

The first theory, held chiefly in such cities as Boston, Mass., and Evanston, Ill., is known as the "Stork-Cabbage Patch School." It holds that babies come either (1) by being carried in at night by the stork or (2) by being left in cabbage patches by pixies. Personally, I'd rather be an amoeba.

The second school is known as the "Star School," and is held chiefly in the Middlewest. Its explanation of the phenomenon of the baby is about like this: a young man and woman become rather fond of each other, and begin exchanging words of endearment, preferably on something soft like a tiger skin. He pulls her toward him, they kiss, and then, to quote the scientists, "their bodies become tense with desire." This is followed by a row of stars or asterisks, and pretty soon, presto! there's your baby and the trouble begins.

This latter theory has been somewhat complicated by the scientists of Hollywood, Calif., who claim that in some way or other the woman has a presentiment of what's coming. Anyway, she always starts sewing tiny little garments and whispering to her husband. Then the screen goes black, and when it lights up, presto! there's the baby, weighing about twenty pounds, with long hair, well-clothed, and wrapped in cellophane.

A new group, still not important enough to be classed as a school, and led by Ernest Hemingway, Vina Delmar, and others, claims that babies come in a rather ugly way, and a great many of our young people seem to be taking it seriously and trying to make their parents believe it. My opinion is that this new system is what evolution is gradually taking us to, and I, for one, am in favor of crying a pox upon the whole thing and passing a constitutional amendment abolishing sex altogether.

I was glancing over some of the new sex books in my laboratory the other day just before going to the microscope to study Amelia, my favorite amoeba. When I got there I was still muttering to myself some of the things I had read, and as I looked down the microscope I distinctly saw her wink and mutter, "We know when we're well off."

She: You awful thing. I haven't heard such language since the day I was born.

Him: Well, I suppose there was a good deal of cussing the day you were born.

OPTIMISM

There, little cottontail,
Don't you cry,
You'll be a fur coat
Bye and bye.

Little Mary, mother, and daddy had been to church. When they returned home, litte Mary seemed troubled. At last she inquired:

"Mother, why do they call daddy 'God,' on Sundays, and not on other days?"

"Why, nobody calls daddy 'God,' darling. What makes you say that?"

"Well, this morning the minister said, 'Now, we will all join in giving our offering to God,' and daddy got up and took all the money."

If you saw two bugs on a cotton stalk and could only pick off one, wouldn't you choose the lesser of two weevils?

See the Phi Psi car over there.
Yea, but has it a motor?
Shore, that's what Mexico.

POLLYANNA

Your old Aunt Polly used to be able to ferret out the "dirt" around this campus and give it to you hot off the griddle. That was way back in the old days before the Last Word changed from a humor column to a scandal line. It's an effort for your old Aunt Polly to lower herself to this stuff once a month, and it sure must take a special kind of depraved human being (?) to write it every day.

Here are a few choice bits, however, that Ellis and Northway unfortunately overlooked.

We just heard about the Phi Psi who was coming home from Christmas vacation last year. His own car was switched off of the train sometime during the night leaving him marooned the next morning in the car ahead with nothing but pleasant memories and a pair of very loud-stripped pajamas. The charge of disorderly conduct is supposed to be keeping him in another kind of stripes until Christmas. (No, you dummies, it wasn't Boyer).

Then there's Ned Weiland, Sigma Chi pledge, who tried to get a date with Laura Holt, a charming Alpha Phi pledge. She hung the phone up in his ear, and he promptly wrote her a rather indignant letter. Laura and her pals at Emmerson bought a bottle of red ink, corrected the grammar, spelling, and punctuation, and sent the letter back. It wasn't bad for a first attempt, and any further messages will be reprinted here.

Good old Meridith Olson hung his pin on an Alpha Phi last year, but can't get it back. She's engaged to another boy, but says that she "wants something to remember him by."

Poor Ken Meenan took seriously a telegram from the Balloon Room asking him to be their guest of honor. The evening cost him just thirty dollars and a bad temper. Not so fast, Kenny, old man, old man.

And then there was the two Phi Gams what went to the Black Hawk on a recent Saturday evening. The waiter danced attention on them all evening, even to the extent of lighting their cigarettes. Their bill was thirteen dollars and they proceeded to tip their obsequious waiter the magnificent sum of twenty-five cents. As they went past the check room to get their hats, Hullinger nudged Logan, and at the last minute Logan gets wise and gives the check room girl one big, bad, bold nickel. Frank Kaiser went to the Beach a week later and received four cents change on a nickel tip. I'll bet they all wear kilts at that Phi Gam house.

Then there is always the story about Dixon and Shaw playing leap frog in the park near Fisk.

Phil Hooker has been spending a couple of hours a night in Cooley's trying to get Betty McCullough to believe that those things he said to her the other night were spoken from a purely scientific and biological interest and that nothing personal was meant.

What we want is more Merrymakers' club dances. If the boys and girls can just keep from falling into the pond at the Georgian, that little club is going to make history. 'Tis rumored that Egbert has been ordered to keep away with that shirt of his. There's no point in scaring the goldfish to death.

Red and Lucy have a ten-pound, red-headed daughter, who it is said was born minus a headgear.

We would like to hear more about the blind date that met Don Oakland at the foot of U. H. steps, and recognized him by his mustache. What eyes that girl must have.

Considerable curiosity has been aroused this season by the advertising in Vierow's window. The sign showed three beautiful women in pajamas and the caption beneath reading "we deliver." Put in another phone Howie.

There are two Pi Phi's who went to Ohio with two men and arrived at Columbus at four o'clock in the morning. Now if those two Pi Phi's don't want a lot of notoriety they had better write me a little letter of explanation and bribery immediately. Just address it Pollyanna Editor in care of Purple Parrot Editor, Phi Gamma Delta House. Thank you.

And now we are off to the contest to choose the cutest professor—a virgin field of endeavor, so to speak. Nominations include Faverty, Egbert and Parker.

Do you know, dear readers, that Kay Peck is so in love that she thoughtlessly smoked a cigarette in art class the other day.

Aunt Polly recommends this case for close inspection. Buck Weaver, although a minister, has given a ring to a Pi Phi, but during her absence, has succumbed to the influence of a local red-head.

And so, dear readers, we leave the garbage work to Ellis and Northway for another month. Good by, little friends.

Aunt Polly.

What's Going On In The World Today

50,000 Manchurians can't be wrong. If you sent your collars to a Chinese laundry and they returned them to you mangled and manhandled — some even lost — then you, too, would have reason to fight. That's the whole Manchurian-Chinese situation. A good wet wash laundry in Manchuria would insure peace.

England abolished the gold standard. This means that the price of gold teeth and all other jewelry will go down. A pound a day in England will keep things sterling

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Germany's problem is how to dole out the dole. Personally, we'll take ours in a stein. That settles it.

France is supposed to have all the gold. No wonder, look at all the gigolos they have. Abolish the male gold-diggers and the gold will return to its proper sources.

Mussolini and his black shirts have ruined the laundry business. Let them wear white shirts and the depression will be over. The buying and laundering of the white shirts will set the wheels of industry in motion.

Spain is now a republic. The only difference between a monarchy and a republic is that the king gets the money in a monarchy and the senators and congressmen pull it down in a republic.

Oh, the United States? Why, it's perfect.

Sez Maurice Davis.

The Human Enigma
OR
Norman Conyers Bradish

He is commonly indicated as "that man on the other end of Caesar's leash." And neither scurrilous slander nor surreptitious search have occasioned a more illuminative explanation of this walking enigma —Norman Conyers Bradish.

The man clads himself in resplendent raiment that entitles the wearer to the distinction of being Northwestern's *Beau Nash*. Issue of English progenitors, he boasts a family crest that is too pretentious to grace the doors of his Ford convertible coupe. From Iowa, his native heath, he migrated as a student to Madison where he attended college "up on the hill." The World War afforded him the chance of donning khaki and he quickly seized the opportunity. After the armistice he entered the business world and achieved a modest success.

Foreign climes have often beckoned him and he has responded. He can find his way to the *Cafe Dome*, the Savoy, 7 *Wilhelmstrasse* or any beer garden as easily as he locates his apartment in the Georgian hotel. The French and German languages are his tools although his speaking knowledge usually consists of *der Hund* and *le Chieu*.

He is a bachelor—never having been captivated into marriage by that which our friends, the poets, call love. As for his sex-life, like Caesar's wife, Caesar's master is above suspicion. But the most startling of the many paradoxes inherent in his character is that this acolyte of culture, this *l'homme du monde*, is a professor in the philosophy department.

In the line of his professional duty, he energetically ratiocinates on the "is-ness of Is" and the "Which-ness of What." But he never successfully buries the individual appeal under his professorial garb. Consequently, his classes are well-filled, but rarely, as he deceives himself to imagine, because the students primarily desire to hear the "theory of subsistence" propounded. Perhaps, the men attend because he combines the acuteness and understanding derived from actual experience with purely pedantic cerebrations: and the women, which invariably outnumber the men, because — well, just because! One peculiarity of speech often rolls from his mouth: the use of the word "irrevelant." The etymology of the word is baffling. Whether he means "irreverent," "irrelevant," or has coined a term which conveniently combines the connotations of both remains just another enigma.

Mary: "Why do they call you 'Diploma' "?

Eliza: "Because it's what my mother brought home from college."

HERE'S TO OUR DEAN

This one is told on Dean Lutkin. One morning he was receiving applicants who wished to try out for the A Cappella choir. After he had heard several aspiring songsters, he noticed a very retiring person standing over in the corner awaiting her turn. "Well," he said, "come on over to the piano, miss, and I'll see what you can do." The creature seemed a bit hesitant, but managed to approach the piano. It took but a few notes of her squeaky voice to show him that she was hopeless.

"What do you mean by coming in here and taking up my time?" inquired our Dean. "Why, you can't even pretend to sing!"

"But sir," she replied. "I didn't want to sing. I only came in to sweep up the room!"

A NEW VERSION

"Don't shoot! I'll marry your daughter!" cried the minister, to the angry farmer, as he grabbed up his Bible and turned to the waiting couple.

Whereja get the "O"?

Oh, I played on the Northwestern football team.

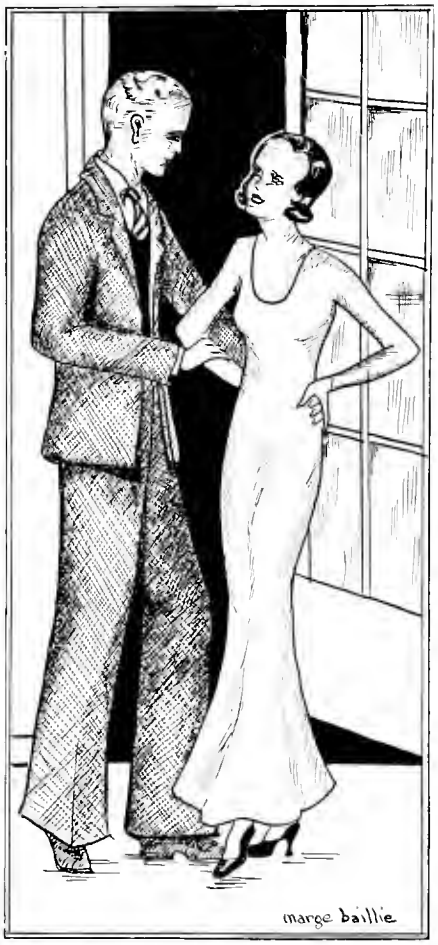
Yes, but Northwestern begins with an "N."

I know it. I played on the second team.

THE FLEECING SONG

Little Bo Peep
Has lost her sheep,
But Hell nobody cares
Who wants sheep
Asks little Bo Peep
When there are millionaires

Put down two and carry one—triplets!



Come out on the back porch and let's have a language lesson.

How do you teach—by speech?

No, by Braille.

Nurse: "The baby just swallowed the ink. What should I do?"

Absent-minded Prof: "Write with pencil."

"He's a four-letter man from West Point."

"Yeh? How come?"

"A. W. O. L." (*absent without leave*)

TOO BAD

"Did I ever tell you about the shipwreck I was in? No? Well, I don't see how you missed hearing it.

"About two years ago, wishing to go to the West Indies, I booked passage on the S. S. Van Dine. One of my friends had a dream that the boat would be wrecked during the trip, and begged me not to go, but to change my reservations. However, I was in a hurry and refused to listen. Nothing was going to stop me from reaching the Indies at the earliest possible date.

"The sailing date of the boat, all my friends did everything in their power to make me miss the boat, even kidnaping me. However, I escaped an hour before the sailing time.

"My friend was right. A day out of port, the boilers exploded and everyone on board was killed. In all, eighty-nine lives were lost."

"Eighty-nine people killed? That's terrible."

"No, only eighty people were killed. The other nine lives belonged to the captain's cat."

"Well, how did it happen that you escaped?"

"I missed the boat!"

Have you heard the sheep song?
No, what is it?
Ewe, Just Ewe!

She: "I don't want to see you dancing with that blonde again."

He: "It's my business whom I dance with."

She: "Ah! a gigolo!"

Lafayette Lyre.

Just an Old Northwestern Custom

Annual Article On Travel

By John Northway

A great deal has been written on the subject of travel. A great deal too much, as a matter of fact, for this article to be very good. There are many kinds of travel, none of which has any advantages over the other. In general, we may say that two things should be considered in traveling—the amount of money you spend, and the person or persons with whom you travel. With some people these two things make no difference. These people are either rich or immoral.

Special kinds of travel which should be considered are:

The Business Trip

The business trip is usually taken by a man who either has to go to a convention or to the Big City for a conference. The usual difference between a convention and an ordinary conference is usually about one quart a day. In preparing to take a business trip the traveler should equip himself as follows: several shirts, ties, etc.; two boxes aspirin; bottle opener; a good telephone list; quite a bit of the firm's money, and finally, if he has room for them, a lot of papers which allegedly have some bearing on the project at hand.

Some people infer that after the traveler arrives he should actually take care of a little business. These people have never Been Around. The best way to handle the business is by letter after you have returned home and recovered from your headache. This would be a better country if there were more business trips and less business.

The Sight-Seeing Trip

This kind of trip is usually undertaken by people who are pretty funny looking themselves to start with. Most sight-seers can be divided into two classes: School teachers who think the only thing to see in Paris is the art galleries, and college men who are so busy working in the steerage that they don't see anything.

A lot of old relics can be seen on sight-seeing trips. These are other sight-seers getting in the way. Most sight-seers end up each day too tired to move. It serves them right, and the longer they stay without moving the happier we will all be.

The college man will find, when taking a sightseeing tour, that foreign women are either too thin, too fat, too tall, too ugly, too funnily dressed, or too particular. So are the American women, but you can at least understand what they're talking about. Usually this is an advantage unless she is strong-minded. What the college girl finds out about foreign men depends on how she acts. This would be a good time to work in some crack about "abroad," but we'd rather not. Anyway, "broad" is a vulgar word for "babe."

In short, the less said about the sightseeing trip the better. The sight-seers will tell you all about it, anyway.

The Honeymoon Trip

This trip is usually, though not necessarily, undertaken right after marriage. It is usually customary for the two people who have just been married to go together, although not absolutely necessary. If she likes Atlantic City and you like Niagara, it might be better for her to go her way and go her way.

The current depression has played the ned with the old honeymoon trip, due to there being a shortage of the well-known mazuma. In some towns a regular "honeymoon" business has sprung up. For a small sum you can hire two people to go on your honeymoon for you and bring back a written report on all the places of interest that you have missed.

The main trouble with honeymooning is the smirking of hotel clerks. This can be eliminated by (a) not going, (b) signing the register under two assumed names, (c) shooting the hotel clerks. In states where shooting hotel clerks is against the law either (a) or (b) should be used.

There is a question in some people's minds as to whether or not honeymoons should be taken before marriage. Unfortunately this is illegal and immoral, and should not be done. One way of evading the question is to put a sign, "License Applied For" on the door of the hotel room. This hardly ever works, so it is almost as immoral and illegal as the other steps.

The Pleasure Trip

There is no such thing as far as we know. The best way to get pleasure out of a trip is to stay home and spend the money on other things. And you can see a great deal at home if you know where to look. If you don't like this country go back to Russia, you radical, you, and see if we care.

She lived in Spain and had a beautiful Pyrennees.

Georgia Tech. "Yellow Jacket."
Yale Record.

Almost every quiz goes to prove that a fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Harvard Lampoon.

The geology trip goes on the rocks.

Dutch Treat

A PLEASANT INTRODUCTION

When a girl says that she is a stranger to temptation, she's usually hinting for an introduction.

And there's the pledges' theme song: "Sting, You Sinners."

First Phi Pi: "What's the difference between sight and vision?"

Second Ditto: "My girl is a vision, yours is a sight."

Flapper: "Have you the record of 'My Sin'?"

Clerk in music store: "'True Confessions' magazines are for sale in the book section."

The new principal parts of the verb "drink"—

Drink—drank—drunk—expelled. *Illinois Siren.*

WHAT A RELIEF

Believe it or not, this really happened. At a certain performance of "Faust" something happened to the trap that was supposed to let Mephistopheles down into the underworld. He disappeared about half way and then stuck. He was hauled up again and a second attempt made to lower him; but midway he stuck again. After two or three unsuccessful endeavors to plunge him into the "depths," it became necessary to let down the curtain while his head and shoulders were still sticking out above the trap. A voice from the gallery shouted,

"Hurrah, boys, hell's full!"

Is Gandhi the last of the Red Hot Mahatmas?

"ADOLPH—YOU BRUTE!"

Holding her tightly with one hand, he struck her again and again. However, not a sound escaped her: not once did she lose her head. Finally, with a sputter, she flamed up, for even red-heads cannot contain themselves forever.

With a sigh of relief, he lifted the match and lighted a cigarette.

—"Come, come, Sylvester, tell us all you know. It won't take long."

—"I'll tell 'em all you know, too. It won't take any longer."

TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS

Act I: Bull and Two Toreadors.
Act II: Bull and One Toreador.
Act III: Bull.

HOME SWEET HOME?

Mose was in the war. At every explosion he strove for the rear lines. His colonel talked to him thus.

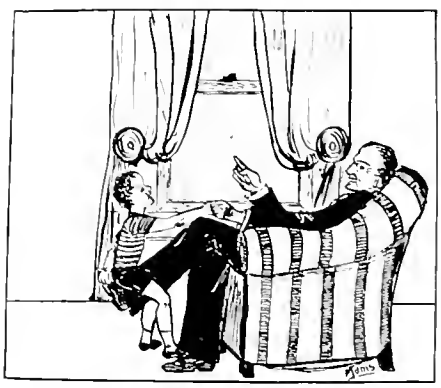
"You shouldn't be afraid, Mose. Why, what if you do die. Heaven's your home."

"Yassuh, ah knows. But ah ain't homesick."

THE YELL

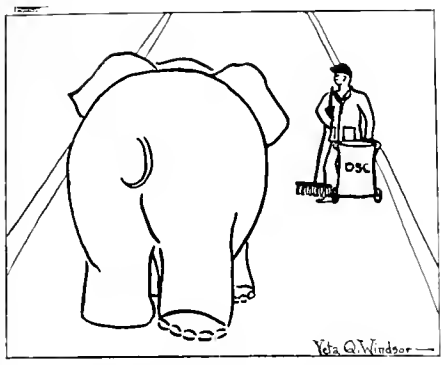
Rootety-toot, rootety-toot, we're the girls from the institute,
We don't smoke, we don't drink, but oh! we are so excited!

Southern Calif. Wampus.



Son: "Papa, tell me about Goldylocks."

Father: "Sh, son! Mother's in the next room."



The Height of Suspense

That Capone Editorial

(Jack Leach, DAILY editorial chairman, in an editorial entitled, 'Get This, Capone!" asked Al to stay away from campus affairs. The following paragraphs show the way in which other campus figures might have written it.)

By Bob Palmer and Harry Zinder

Taking the most stupendous, death-defying, courageous stand ever taken in the history of Northwestern or any other Big Ten school, the DAILY NORTHWESTERN yesterday demanded of Al Capone that he stay away from all Northwestern affairs and activities.

The statement was written and signed by Harry Zinder and Bob Palmer. It is couched in no uncertain terms and is backed by the entire university, according to Zinder and Palmer. A copy of the paper containing the open letter will be delivered by Zinder and Palmer, riding in a specially imported and rented Rolls-Royce limousine painted in purple and white. Zinder and Palmer will be accompanied by a police escort, Greeter Gaw, Mayor Cermak, Tug Wilson, and several carefully selected girls. "We believe this is the greatest step for Northwestern any students have ever taken," said Zinder and Palmer last night, as rain began to fall three hours before the parade.

By Haglund, Hill, Taylor, or any of the political babies on campus

We believe in the decency of American womanhood, the declaration of independence, a five cent "L" fare, the Christian Church, and the university. We would like to see Mr. Capone stay away from games, and we base this desire upon righteousness, logic, the interest of the student body, and the light shining within us which tells us to do good. We will do everything within our power, by fair means, to keep Mr. Capone away from the football games. *(Hey, Al, will you stay away for twenty-five commission jobs?)*

By the Authors of the Student Handbook

It is not believed in accordance with the best interests of the student body to have objectionable guests at football games. It is therefore advised that such persons stay away from all contests. Special permission to attend such games can be obtained only after passing a physical examination, taking hygiene, two sciences, one foreign language, and obtaining written permission from the Dean of Women.

By Jack Ellis

And then there's the one about Al Capone at the game Saturday. 'Forty thousand people!" yelled Al. "Forty thousand people!" "What do you mean?" said the floozie in the yellow jacket sitting near him. "Forty thousand people—and that bird had to pick on me!" sayyahed Al. Really, Al, you should stay away from games. The best place to go is to Cooley's or Moir's new place.

Absinthe Makes the Heart Grow Fonder

BE REASONABLE, MAN

Wrangler: "Will this anaesthetic make me sick?"

Doctor: "No, I think not."

Wrangler: "How long will it be before I know anything?

Doctor: "Aren't you expecting too much of the anaesthetic?"

Phi Psi: "Why the long face?"

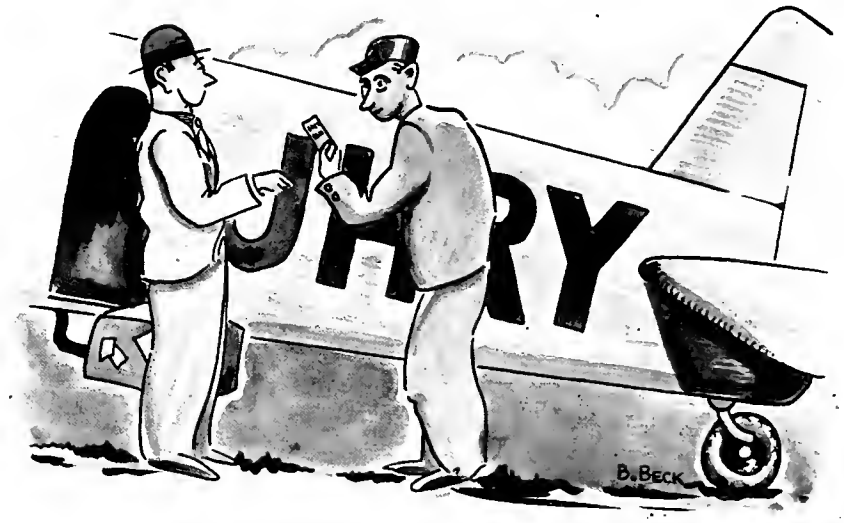
Beta: "I drank some cider, and now I can't find my way home."

Phi Psi: "Well, you musn't take it so hard."

Not a Ballyhoo soap adv.

Lil (Confidante-of-Bernarr-Macfadden) W. tells us her history prof must be over-sexed because he insists that Washington was the father of his country.

"I'm stork mad," said the father of fifteen children.



Paris Agent: "This ticket reads from London to Paris. You can't use it to go from Paris to London."
Passenger: "Oh that's all right. I'll ride backwards."

Old lady in bookstore: What's that large book over there?

Clerk: That, madam, is "Songs the Fraternities Sing."

O. L. I. B.: And what's that little book right beside it?

Clerk: That's the expurgated edition.

"Mother, there's a blind man at the door."

"Tell him we don't need any."

"How does a Scotchman spend his vacation?"

"Sits at home and lets his mind wander."

"Beast! I'll give you a bust in the face!" snarled the virtuous model as she snatched up the statuette.

Simile: As poor as a barber in the House of David.

"That's odd," exclaimed the croupier, as the little white ball rolled into hole number thirty-seven.

Gabby Hostess: And how many lumps of sugar would you like in your tea?

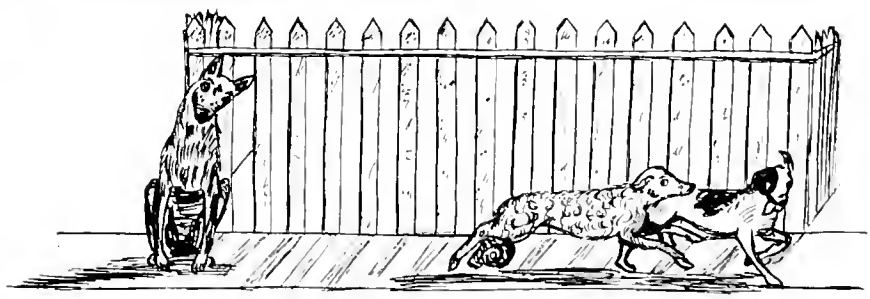
Weary Guest: Two lumps, and a maximum of ten words, please.

"Why the gloom? I thought you said that Alice accepted your proposal last night."

"She did. But before I get married there's one more thing I've got to get off my chest."

"So? What's it?"

"A tattooed heart with Helen's name on it."



1st Dog: "I wonder why that dog doesn't get married"?
2nd Dog: "Well, he hasn't got a license yet."

The Parrot Squawks

Well, at least it is nice to have gotten that sorority smoking room question settled. As we understand it, either they have smoking rooms or they don't and they continue to smoke on the street but it is against the rule.

Just as we predicted, the Lambda Chi's have had rocks thrown at their windows. The president of the Sigma Nu house, as usual, threw out the first pellet.

And from the conversations we hear all the time among the boys after dates, the student body here contains a lot of neck.

Times are so hard, we hear, that in some universities the football coach has been forced to lay off ten or twenty professors.

This is a "Travel Number" for this magazine. The title is derived from the fact that some of the jokes have been traveling around so long you'd forgotten about them.

We were pretty sure that Indian Summer was here when we saw McCutcheon's "Indian Summer" in the *Tribune*. Certainty did not come however, until we saw Haglund back talking politics. The Grand Old Man goes on forever.

Mr. Leach has started a campaign to keep Capone away from football games. Now if he can only get that road behind Garrett fixed—

We were interested in the first MS because it announced that story called "An Obscene Virgin" by "One Who Is Neither." We wonder if Worthy is the type of editor who likes to prepare and collaborate with his contributors.

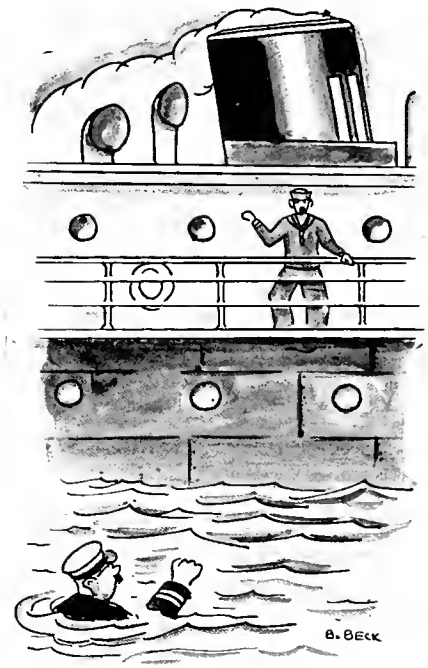
Tradition was shot to the devil at this year's sorority open houses. We know one man who actually came away with the same hat he took in with him.

The women arose in a body to protest against the men conducting a beard-growing contest for Hobo day. They could not help but feel that they would be irritated by such a business, they said.

Another protest from the women is that they object to being stared upon at night by fraternity men with field glasses. They say that if things get much worse they will have to start drawing their shades at night.

November here and all the newness of the year gone. Everybody knows everybody else, and pretty soon even the Phi Delt pledges will know each other.

And there'll be one thing to give thanks for on Thanksgiving day this year—the season for jokes about election, pledging, and football will be over. And what will this department do without them?

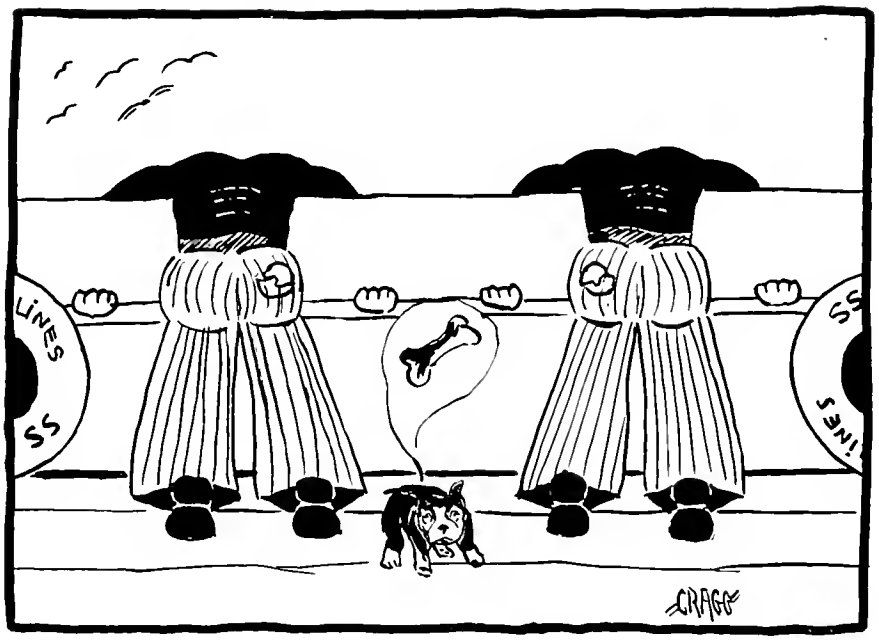


Captain: "Hey you! Give a yell there, can't you?"
Sailor: "Sure, cap. Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Hostess: "Mr. Smith, won't you sing for the guests. They all want you to."

Mr. Smith: "I'm sorry, but I only sing in the bathtub."

Hostess: "All right, I'll tell them you're out of practice."



'Tis better to have lunched and lost—than never to have lunched at all.

THE THEATER

By Ruth Walliser

Nowhere is there a more fitting place for a discussion on depression than the Chicago Stage this year. It seems to have worried my contemporary, Tom Slater, already during the first week of school, but the conventional desire of being up-to-date urges me on to worry still more for the sake of dear, old histrionic art. Let's worry away!

In the first place, little does the theatre-goer, now evidently the arm-chair goer, realize the number of bargains and the excitement he is letting go by. Not only are the prices cut, or lower, but Chicago is, at present, the proud possessor of a large group of unusual prize-plays and traditionally well-known actresses and actors. Not often can Chicago boast of such an array as Ethel Barrymore, Fanny Brice, Fritz Leiber, Helen Menken, Beatrice Lillie, Mrs. Fiske, and Benny Rubin—all headliners of their own talent—in town at one time. Is it the frightful voo-doo *Legitimate* that scares away the amusement-seeker from putting Play in his budget list, then? It reminds me of one of Shaw's witticisms to the effect that he wishes *his* country could undergo a year or two of what America calls depression.

THE VENETIAN

One of the less fortunates, *The Venetian*, which ran at the Harris, was an historical play of the sixteenth century—the story of the marriage of Bianca Cappello to Francesco de'Medici. Brilliantly costumed, it romanticized the bloody, vengeful tale; in its quiet background and restrained acting it was classic; but in its satire and epigrams, it was entirely modern. In Margaret Rawlings we see emphasized the trend of heroines of today, who look like frail camoes and have surprisingly deep, throaty voices — probably first successful with Barrymore. Contrary judge as I seem to be, if there was such a list as of *Best-Sellers* among plays, most certainly would I appoint *The Venetian* to head it.

GREEN PASTURES

With promise for a long, long stay *The Green Pastures* has arrived at the Illinois. It reaches an extraordinary height of artistic, dramatic, and melodic perfection . . . and yet, I was disappointed. It is to be hoped that this disappointment is largely due to Chicago Drama Critics, who spent the greater part of the autumn over-anticipating the play and over-praising it when it came. This is not the first time I've wanted to damn enthusiastic reviewers scurrying about to outtalk their brother critics.

The Green Pastures ranked well as a play, but as an epic or lasting piece of work—oh, no! Dramatically speaking, the performance has splendid unity of action, considering the length of time and number of characters the episodes include. Metaphysically speaking, it is trite and unsound. Its aim is to present the Bible as conceived in terms of the every-day life of the negro. I received the impression that the *white* man's idea of the colored man's concepts of God and Genesis was being presented rather than the actual beliefs of a simple primitive mind.

Marc Connelly is not so much author as organizer, using material all the way from the Miracle Play to "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun." The conceptions of Heaven as a continual fish fry, of the original sinner of Noah's time as a wayward flapper, of Babylon as an enormous night-club, and of angels walking around in need of axle-grease for their wings are not so new or stimulating that we sit on the edge of our seats awaiting each scene. Still it would be thoroughly unfair not to include such humorous, original situations as Noah's rheumatism foretelling rain, God's discovery that his people are not kneeling in prayer to him but 'shooting craps.' and the picturization of the burning bush with Moses looking with awe on probably the first pine-tree lit by Christmas candles.

The atmosphere of folk songs and poetry is of the fame authentic novelty as *Green Grow the Lilacs* presented last spring at the Illinois. Richard Harrison, de Lawd, and Daniel Haynes, Adam, give convincing portrayals, as do seventy-five other players and singers. That the play is "different" and that it is much talked of and approved of in society circles are no small items in its success and it's summons for you to see it if you have not already done so.

GIRL CRAZY

When Walter Damrosch, the Teutonic and batonic star of National Broadcasting Company's Musical Appreciation Course on the radio, decided to present the evolution of music this Fall, he was confronted with the baffling problem of what modern melody he should employ to climax the series beginning with Pope Gregory and Palestrina. The fact that he decided on "I Got Rhythm" from *Girl Crazy* is not insignificant.

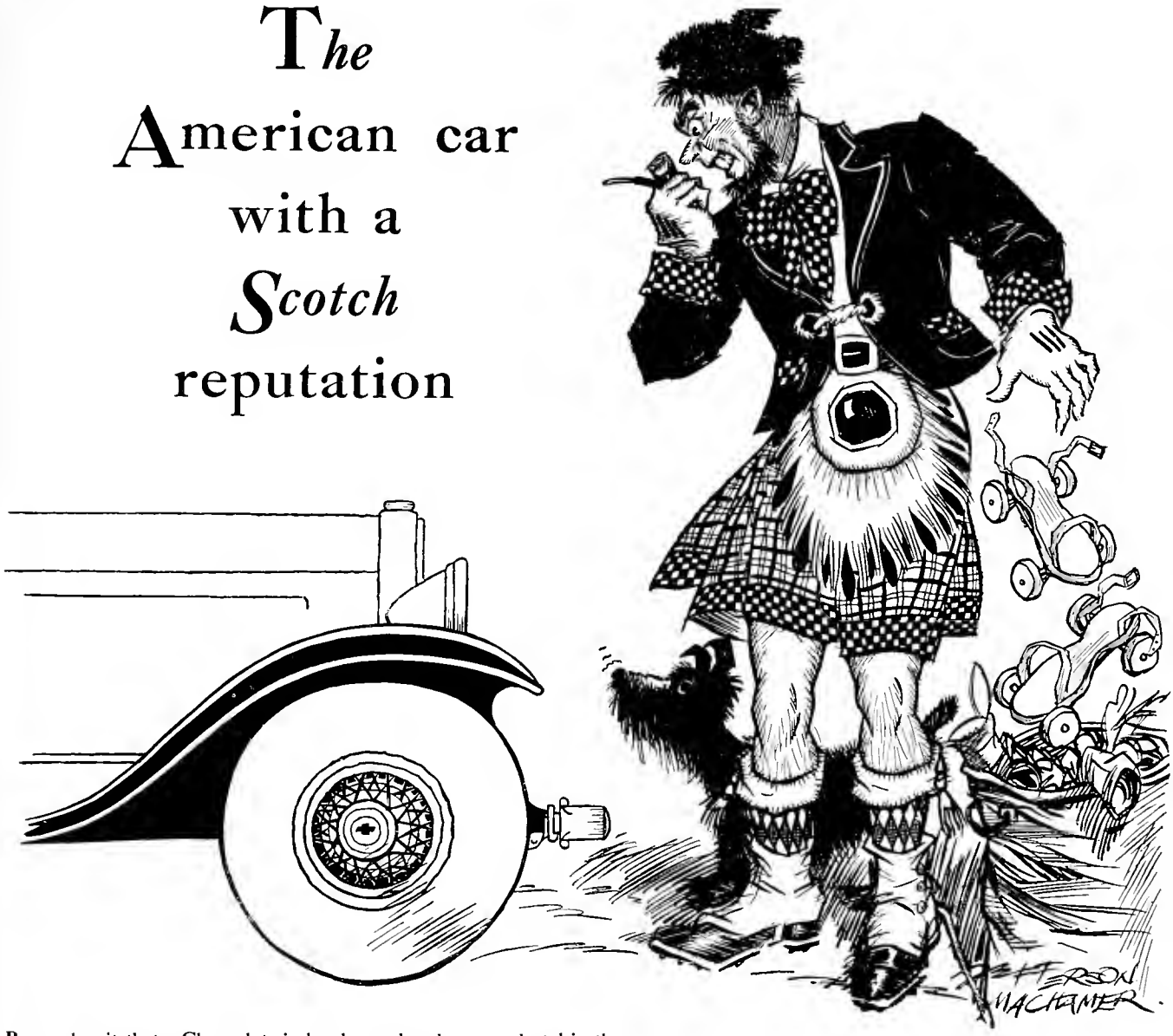
George Gershwin supplied the musical portion of this musical comedy, and that in itself is sufficient cause for rejoicing. *Girl Crazy* is a good musical comedy of the old school, employing really good music to a much larger extent than vaguely clothed females. With a good chorus—I refer to their work on the stage—giving an adequate interpretation of the melodies, and with Benny Rubin delivering the punch for the comedy, the play provides a good evening's money's worth.

I should like to attest as much for the capabilities of Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields, those two elderly campaigners of an earlier generation. No doubt they were once good, and I can still fancy the few remnants of pre-war playgoers giving them a big hand for what they seem once to have been.

But to youthful eyes which knew them not in their prime, there is something pathetic about these veterans

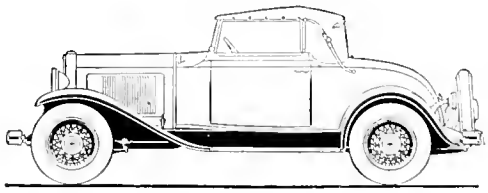
(Continued on Page 28)

The American car with a *Scotch* reputation



Rumor has it that a Chevrolet six has been placed on a pedestal in the very heart of Edinburgh. 'Round about it, day and night, you can see a circle of agitated Scotch whiskers. For on the pedestal are carved these words: "Chevrolet defies all Scotland to match Chevrolet's record for economy." And rumor concludes by saying that the defy still stands!

Exaggerated? Well, at least it's no exaggeration to say that the Chevrolet will actually cost you less for gasoline, oil and upkeep than any other car you can buy. *That's* been proved so often that there is no longer any need to keep it secret. Take the case of Joe Zilch of Burning Stump, Okla. Or rather don't take it, because it's too long a story to tell here. Take a ride in a Chevrolet instead, and note the mileage you get on every gallon of gas you buy. If you still feel mercenary after *that* experience, remember Chevrolet's low prices. They simply remove every reason why you can't own one of these handsome sixes—smart as a Winchell wisecrack and even faster than that!



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Twenty beautiful new models, at prices ranging from $475 *to* $675

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Mich. Division of General Motors.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

The Campus Studio Is Open

Make appointments for Syllabus photographs now. Our special studio for Northwestern students is now open on the third floor of the John F. Hahn building.

MATZENE

The Syllabus Photographer
1618 Orrington Avenue
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Thrilling account* of Northwestern-Ohio State Football Game

Game O. K. "Kap"	R. R. Fare	$12.25
	Pullman	6.00
	Game Ticket	3.00
	Eats, etc.	6.00
		$27.25

From diary of E. L. Kappelman, Printer, found on Ohio campus.

P. S. He must do a heap of printing to get even.—Editor.

* Account—Meaning "Finance"

The Classic

Only up-to-date Barber Shop in Evanston

1717 Sherman Ave.
Opposite Varsity Theater

THE THEATER—(cont.)

who totter onto the stage with little more than antique fame, a sunny smile, and a capacity for punishment to recommend them. Their voices are cracked, and their sex appeal is a matter about which we can get only second hand information. Perhaps better than criticising them I should condole them.

Benny Rubin, of course, is all over the stage with his funny Yiddish American dialect. And to my mind, Benny is quite the best of the thousand and one Yiddish dialect-ers who infest the American stage and radio. The principals are adequate, and the chorus, both anatomically and physiognomically speaking is more than adequate.

In a day when most musical comedies are lucky to rate a C in entertainment value, I should be glad to confer a medium B on *Girl Crazy* in spite of the antique bric-a-brac cluttering up the cast.

MERCHANT OF VENICE

Even Shakespeare, it appears, is becoming a victim of our fast-moving twentieth century. Yet, I have only a passing remorse at this calamity. Not often have I been so delighted at an entire evening of Shakespeare as at this staging of the *Merchant of Venice* wherein acting and line-delivery are modernized in a thoroughly unholy manner, and setting and costuming are expensively magnificent.

If at any time you have felt Shakespeare grow a little dull at the theatre (and who hasn't seen a dull production of some of his plays) you may be assured that the present *Merchant of Venice* is as up-to-date, colorful, and lively in spirit as any show in town. But it does not particularly belong to the Elizabethan Bard. Whether this playing down to our present-day audience is a good thing or not—who can tell?

At all events while his play is no longer poetry, neither is it declaimed. Speeches and lines are cut up into short, choppy sentences. A great deal of extra stage business and comedy are introduced, also without Shakespeare's sanction, giving opportunity for each character to become an individual rather than an actor rendering lines. It is this emphasis on the individual through contrast that makes a lasting impression of the production.

STAGE IMPRESSIONS

Leiber as Shylock—a tragic Hebrew prophet more than a Jew money lender. He tends to make of Shylock a sympathetic figure—to be pitied and admired rather than sneered at. The titian-haired Helen Menken looking like an exotic portrait done by Marie Laurencin. Black velvet, green velvet, white satin—robes you will not forget on the slender actress, who plays Portia with a delicacy and subtlety never before seen. Frank Peters and Whitford Kane squeezing the utmost of pathos, humor, and grotesqueness from Gobbo and son.

The Majestic drew a number of first-nighters who have been seeing *Merchant of Venice* by the Civic Shakespeare Society for all of 30 or 40 years.

"Mom, when is the Fuller Brush man gonna play pool with pa?"

"Why, Willie, what a foolish question."

"Well, didn't you tell him this afternoon that you'd give him his cue when you saw pa coming?"

Colgate Banter.

Boys will be boys—if they were anything else the girls wouldn't have near as much fun.

Wisconsin Octopus.

"Give me a kiss, honey."

"Oh, beehive, beehive!"

"Curses, stung again!"

Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.

She: "Are you looking at my knee?"

He: "Aw, Aw, g'wan, you know I'm above that."

Colgate Banter.

Be careful, boys. Every plump female will lie in weight for you.

Wet Hen.

Eating at the

COFFEE SHOP

Is always a satisfaction

Because you serve yourself—leisurely or hastily, as you wish.

Because you can be sure of a wide selection of really good food.

Self Service Operated by the

NORTH SHORE HOTEL

Chicago Avenue at Davis

NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE

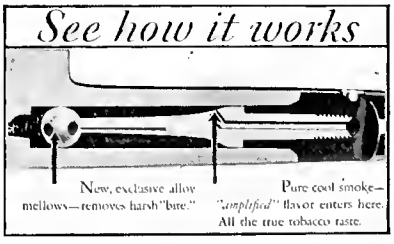
NEW Drinkless KAYWOODIE

mellows your smoke... no other pipe does it

Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New, exclusive alloy now cools your smoke, removes harsh "bite." And amplifies the true tobacco flavor. *This great discovery does to your pipe-smoke what the modern refrigerator does to your food.* Years of work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made it possible. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped "Drinkless." Smooth $3.50, Thorn $4.

(Above, No. 46, with the new Ambera mouthpiece and Synchro-Stem.)

See how it works



And for cigarette smokers: *New* TobaccoYello holder

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DIOGENES, *Greek Philosopher, seeker-of-perfection, globe trotter de-luxe and creator of the term "roaz bif," in a characteristic pose. A remarkable likeness will be noted between it and the statue of liberty. When interviewed recently he stated, "No, I have not found an honest man as yet . . .*

now if I were looking for a capable printer . . . . "

Is Diogenes' Testimonial Paid For?

Not on your tin t y p e. Diogenes knows good publicity when he sees it. As he starts out anew in search of an honest man we wish him success. Happy landings!

"Even after looking through the most likely spots in America I have been unable to meet my requirements. Now, if I were looking for a printer to fill my ideals of perfection . . . or anyone's . . . right here on the North Shore is an organization you can tie to. From my observation Lloyd Hollister Inc. stands for perfection in the printing arts. Their plant is modern and well equipped. Their personnel is made up of men, each an expert in his work. Why, I placed an order for a few calling cards and they gave it the attention of a big job. And the quality of those cards was the 'nertz.' If I were a discriminating buyer of printing I would let Lloyd Hollister do my work. They represent in their work what I hope to find in a man."

• L L O Y D •
HOLLISTER INC.
1232 CENTRAL AVE. WILMETTE
Shel. 5687 Gre. 4300

PROBLEM

John and his date drive due north at a speed of 45 m. p. h. Joe and his date drive due south at 20 m. p. h. and stop in 36 minutes. Both parties are gone three hours, yet Joe gets further than John.

Arizona Kitty Kat.

The Icemen's Quartette will now sing that flowery little song, "I'd like to walk among the pansies with you."

They will be followed by three old maids singing "Lead Kindly Light."

Texas Battalion.

It was a terrible storm and Eve straggled in wet to the skin. Throwing a soddy maple leaf mantle from her shoulders, she said: "Adam, I'll have to be re-leaved."

Illinois Siren.

A MISFIT

They sat on the steps at midnight,
But his love was not to his taste:
His reach was 36 inches,
While her's was a "46" waist.

Yale Record.

"Where are you going, daughter?"

"Downstairs to get some water."

"In your nightgown?'

"No, in this pitcher."

West Point Pointer.

"The difference between a hairdresser and a sculptor is that while the hairdresser curls up and dyes, the sculptor makes faces and busts."

Anapolis Log.

Flap: "What's two?"
Jack: "Company."
Flap: "What's three?"
Jack: "One year later!'

Wabash Caveman.

Beginning of a dirty crime story —they parked by a dark roadside.

Wabash Caveman.

He: "They tell me you stutter when you are about to be kissed."
She: "Y-ye-s, th-a-t's r-i-g-ht."

Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

OUR LITTLE HOME!

Mother's in the kitchen washing up the jugs;
Father's in the cellar, bottling up the suds;
Sister's in the pantry, mixing up the hops—
While Johnnie's on the front porch, watching for the cops.

Texas Battalion.

MOTHER JUICE

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it
In a cabin quite old and medieval,
A rounder espider her and applied her with cider,
And now she's the forest's prime evil.

Lafayette Lyre.

Her lips quivered as they approached mine. My whole frame trembled as I looked in her eyes. Her body shook with intensity as our lips met, and I could feel my chest heaving and my chin vibrating and my body shuddering as I held her to me.

The moral of this is: "Never kiss them in a flivver with the engine running.

Utah Humbug.

He: "Please, just one."
She: "Nay, nay, sir."
He: "Please—."
She: "Nay, nay."
He: "Was your mother scared by a horse?"

Anapolis Log.

"My husband is a Lion, a Moose, an Elk and an Eagle," proudly boasted the professor's wife. A friend replied, "You should put him in a tent and charge admission."

Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

"I've been reading 'Strangers May Kiss.'"
"Pardon me, but have we met before?"

Purple Cow.

"Let's go over and make the football team."
"All right, Betty."

Pitt. Panther.

HAVE YOU A NOSE FOR NEWS?

We want cub reporters!

What kind of collegiate news do you like to read? Send items of interest on personalities, sports, fraternities, sororities, etc., and collect $2.00 for each one accepted for College Humor's news service, The Collegiate World.

▼

College Humor

1050 N. LaSalle St., CHICAGO

The Magazine with a College Education

Photo by Toloff

MISS JOAN RANGECROFT
(Army Wing Leader)

N. U.
ARMY-NAVY BALL

Sponsored by

Scabbard & Blade & Sextant

Friday, November 20th

U. S. Naval Armory

Randolph St. at the Lake
Chicago, Illinois

Featuring

ART KASSEL

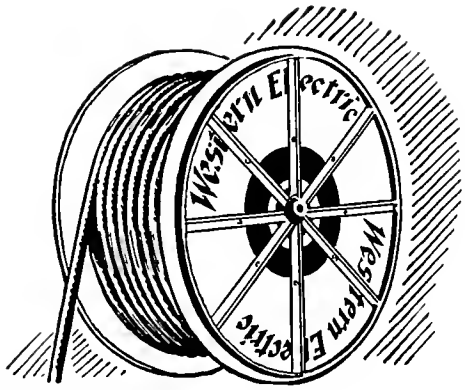
and his Radio "Kassels in the Air"
with ART JARRETT

Bids $4.50—Uniformal—Dancing 9-2

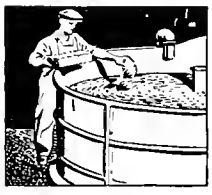
Photo by Toloff

MISS CORA KLING
(Navy Wing Leader)

LLOYD HOLLISTER INC., WILMETTE



Insulated
. . . but not against new ideas!



High quality wood pulp now used to form a sleeve around the wire

Even the method of insulation is not insulated against improvement at the Western Electric telephone cable shop. For a generation wires have been wrapped around with a narrow ribbon of paper but now the wire has the paper made right on it while passing through an ingenious paper making machine. . . . This new revolutionary process saves time and lowers the cost of cable. But perhaps the most important thing about it is that it illustrates an attitude of mind of your Bell telephone makers: keeping receptive to innovation. . . . Only by doing so, they realize, can they carry out properly their functions as manufacturers, purchasers and distributors for the Bell System.

Three steps now in one — paper making, slitting and insulating

Always searching for new ideas

Western Electric

Manufacturers . . . Purchasers . . . Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

Something worth cheering about

If you really want to know how hugely enjoyable a fine cigarette can be, just try Camels in the Humidor Pack!

It isn't only that Camels are made of the choicest tobaccos—fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos expertly blended. . . .

It isn't only that these fine tobaccos are cleaned by a special vacuum process that whisks away all the peppery dust.

It's that *all* the goodness of these fine, clean tobaccos — *all* the rare fragrance, *all* the delightful aroma — reaches you factory-perfect — prime, mild, *fresh!*

The Humidor Pack does that — seals within germ-safe, moisture-proof Cellophane *all* the natural freshness — seals it so tightly that wet weather cannot make Camels damp, nor drought weather make them dry.

So just try Camels—fine cigarettes kept fine — as a relief from stale, parched, dried-out cigarettes.

Then you'll see why millions of folks like you are finding the cool, smooth, throat-friendly pleasure of Camels something well worth cheering about!

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday

● *Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked*

CAMELS

Mild . . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

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